

The TATLER

and

BYSTANDER

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March 17, 1943



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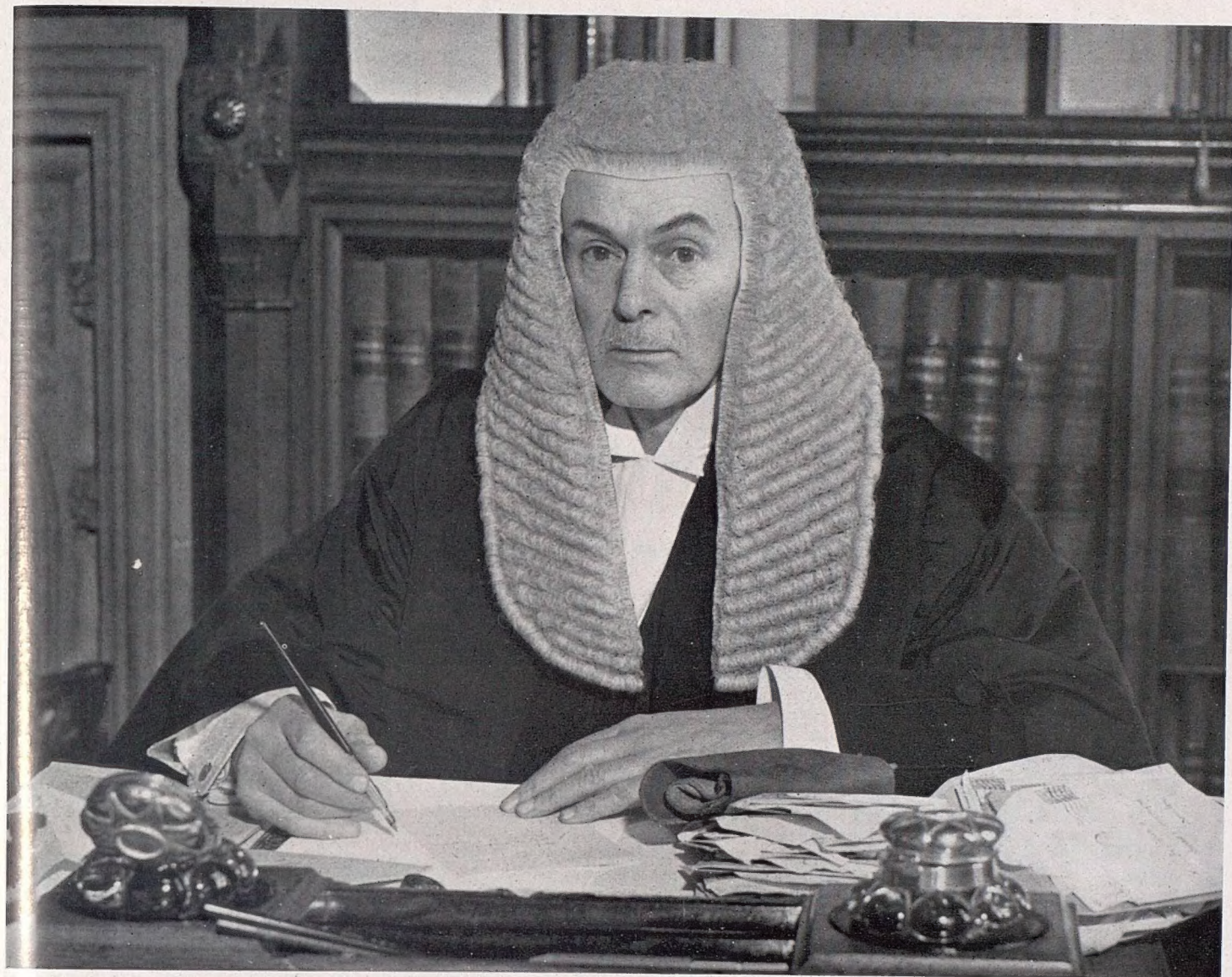
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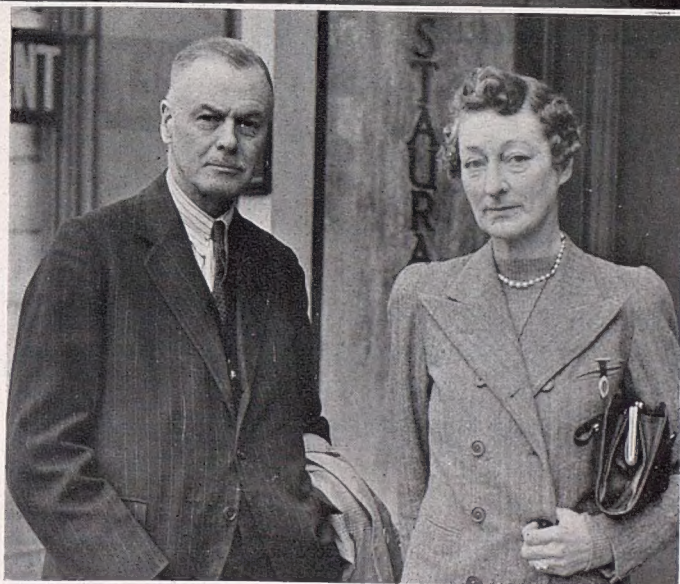
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Unanimously Elected The New Speaker of the House of Commons

Colonel the Rt. Hon. Douglas Clifton Brown, called by a unanimous House of Commons to the Chair, in succession to the late Captain FitzRoy, has been Deputy Chairman of Ways and Means and Deputy Speaker since 1938. After serving during the last war in the 1st Dragoon Guards and the Northumberland Hussar Yeomanry, Colonel Clifton Brown entered the House of Commons in 1918 as Conservative Member for Hexham Division of Northumberland. Losing his seat to a Liberal in 1923 he regained it in 1924, and has held it since that year. His elder brother, Brigadier-General Howard Clifton Brown, who has sat in the House of Commons for twenty years as Unionist M.P. for Newbury, was one of those to congratulate the new Speaker after his election to his great office. Colonel Clifton Brown married a daughter of the late Mr. F. E. A. Wollaston, of Shenton Hall, Nuneaton, and his home is Ruffside Hall, Durham



Colonel and Mrs. Clifton Brown



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Premier's Return

THE Prime Minister is back at work once more and ready to assume new burdens in the House of Commons in the absence of one of his colleagues. Mr. Churchill looks thinner as though he had lost many pounds in weight but he is cheerful, even exuberant. He has overcome his illness in the comparatively short time of three weeks. Some of his friends would have liked him to have taken a much longer holiday in the country, but Mr. Churchill rejected their advice. He was most anxious to get back to direct affairs once more. Not that he has at any time ceased to issue orders. Even at the most critical time of his illness he gave the War Cabinet the benefit of his advice. Undoubtedly Mr. Churchill has remarkable recuperative powers, and it says much for his constitution that this is the first illness he has had in his three years' premiership.

Politics

IN Mr. Churchill's absence the political scene has been calmer than the Beveridge debate repercussions promised. This does not mean that we have heard the last of the Beveridge affair. Labour politicians are determined to

force the Government into faster action. Some of the extremists believe that the Beveridge Report is a political weapon of first-class importance to their future. So much so, that when the Party's Whitsuntide Conference takes place, they will use it to urge the end of the electoral truce and probably the withdrawal of Labour Ministers from the Government. Such a policy does not appeal to the rank and file of Labour Members in the House of Commons at the moment. It is possible, however, that their views may undergo a change when delegates from all parts of the country express their opinions. There may be some significance in the fact that Mr. Herbert Morrison has been nominated for the post of Treasurer of the Labour Party, a position held with great influence by the late Mr. Arthur Henderson, and before him by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. If Mr. Morrison is elected, he will have powerful sway which might relieve political tension all round. In my opinion Mr. Morrison is the ablest man in the Labour Party.

Ambassador's Bluntness

ADMIRAL STANDLEY hit the headlines in all parts of the world when he brusquely told correspondents in Moscow that the people of Russia were not being told of the aid being given them by the United States. Only a man of Admiral Standley's fearlessness would have done this. There was no diplomatic nicety about his utterances, although his tactics might be likened to those of M. Maisky, the Soviet Ambassador in London. In days past, but not so much now, M. Maisky used to air his views quite freely about the shortcomings of the British Government. Neither our representatives in Moscow, nor the British Government in London retaliated. It was interesting to note that the Soviet Government responded at once to Admiral Standley's statement by broadcasting over the radio a statement in full made by Mr. Edward Stettinius, America's Lease-Lend Administrator, giving details of supplies shipped to Russia and Britain.

Washington Reactions

IN Washington Mr. Sumner Welles, the most diplomatic of all President Roosevelt's Ministers, quickly disowned Admiral Standley's outburst. He asserted that Admiral Standley had acted without consultation or reference to his Government, and said that an urgent report had been called for from Moscow. Mr. Sumner Welles showed startling anxiety to smoothe down the ruffled feelings of Soviet Ministers, if, indeed, they were ruffled. I believe that Marshal Stalin and his Ministers like plain speaking. They have not spared other people when they have had criticisms to make. In these circumstances it seems that Mr. Sumner Welles was in too much of a hurry to put Admiral Standley in his place. He might have waited to hear the Admiral's views first. It may be, of course, that here is another instance of that overlapping of departments and policies which is such a feature in Washington. Contrary to the practice in London, members of President Roosevelt's Administration are able to hold and express personal opinions on any topic. If that were to



British-American Conversation

At the inaugural dinner of the British-American Forces Dining Club at Nuffield House, Viscount Nuffield was guest of honour. Above he is seen talking to Lieutenant-General F. M. Andrews, Commanding General U.S. Army, European Theatre of Operations

happen in this country, Mr. Churchill would have a daily headache.

Fourth Term

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is a consummate political tactician, and in the final resort it is his policy that wins. Others may speak their minds, thus enabling the President to see which way the wind is blowing, but finally he decides what shall be done. No other President has been able to set his sails so skilfully as President Roosevelt. Now that fourth-term talk has been started, we see President Roosevelt tacking. To someone who asked him point-blank if he wanted to run for the fourth term, the President was non-committal, giving the impression that he was not very keen. But his subsequent remark was most revealing. "I should like to have a hand in the peace." It is quite



The Late Speaker

The Rt. Hon. Edward Algernon FitzRoy, Speaker of the House of Commons since 1928, M.P. for Daventry, died on March 3 at the age of seventy-three. A son of the third Lord Southampton, he married Miss Muriel Douglas-Pennant, and celebrated his golden wedding two years ago



M.B.E. For Devotion to Duty

Second Officer Nora Kellard headed the W.R.N.S. officers at Casablanca for the conference. Since 1939 she has been secretary to Mrs. Laughton Mathews, Director of the W.R.N.S. She was awarded the M.B.E. at a recent investiture

natural that the President, whose terms of office have been overshadowed by the war, should desire to play a full part in restoring sanity to the world. But by the time his present term expires, he will have been in the White House for twelve years. Not only is this an all-time record, but in the cut and thrust of American politics it is a burden which would wear down any normal man.

Speaker Dies

THE death of Speaker FitzRoy came as a terrible shock to the House of Commons. He had sat in the Chair for nearly fifteen years, and his handling of debates had achieved a masterliness unequalled in recent times. He had a quiet way of dealing with restless Members, and a dignity which was compelling. I saw him falter only once. This was at the time of the abdication crisis in 1936. Probably it was the most dramatic moment in all his life when he was called upon to direct the House of Commons in the painful duty which had fallen upon himself and Members. There have been other moments of drama, including the declaration of war, but Speaker FitzRoy handled these without showing any trace of lost composure.

New Speaker

COLONEL CLIFTON BROWN who succeeds to the Speakership is one of those men who has worked quietly in the House of Commons for a long time without coming prominently before public notice. Even before he began to take part in the management of the House of Commons, he was never a thruster in politics. The few times he joined in debates were marked by competent and sincere speeches. He was a good back-bencher, who went to Westminster to represent his constituents and to safeguard their interests. Thus in twenty-four years he has acquired much experience and great respect. His election to the Speakership was a foregone conclusion immediately the Chair became vacant. Even the Communist Member, Mr. Gallagher, joined in the unanimous welcome which was accorded him. As Speaker Colonel Clifton Brown will receive a salary of £5,000 a year and allowances, which include the large residence in the Palace of Westminster. Out of his income the Speaker



The Polish Ambassador Opens an Exhibition

Count Raczynski, the Polish Ambassador, opened the exhibition, "Poland," at the galleries of the Royal Society of British Artists in London. Sitting, listening to his speech, are Lord Snell, Deputy Leader of the House of Lords, Mr. St. Clair O'Malley, and M. S. Mikolajczyk, Deputy Polish Prime Minister

in peace time gives a series of dinners and holds at least two levees, which make the office costly.

Hitler's Problems

IN Russia, Hitler struggles to hold off the Russians, and the thaw is helping him. In Tunisia, Rommel is doing his utmost to keep the Allied army occupied so that he can gain time for his master. Time is most important to Hitler. He sees his only chance in saving himself by winning time. But the United Nations are not going to play Hitler's game. At any moment Hitler knows he may have to look elsewhere than Russia and Tunisia to fend off fresh blows. The round-the-clock bombing of Germany heralds new problems for him and his General Staff. The fact that Hitler does not retaliate by large-scale bombing of London

becomes more understandable. At no time has Hitler believed in dispersing his forces. His tactics show that he prefers to concentrate his strength on one object at a time. All the indications are that he is more concerned with Russia than with Tunisia. In the weeks ahead obviously he hopes to shorten his line so that he can pack a new and bigger punch with which to regain his declining military prestige and rouse the morale of his people. If at any time Hitler could pause from his preoccupations in Russia, I have no doubt that he could bomb London to the very limit of his fury. So we must not cease to be watchful, or be carried away with optimism. Hitler may have lost the war, but he hasn't given up his determination to inflict the heaviest damage on all those who have opposed him and are overpowering him.



Three Air Force Awards at a Buckingham Palace Investiture

Pilot Officer Badham, from New South Wales, received the D.F.C., and Pilot Officer A. W. R. Triggs, of Elwood, Victoria, was awarded the M.B.E. and D.F.C. Pilot and observer of an aircraft operating with Coastal Command, they brought their damaged machine home from the Bay of Biscay on one engine only

Lieutenant-Colonel Chesley G. Peterson, one of the original Eagle Squadron, holder of the D.S.C. and D.F.C., received the D.S.O. at the investiture, awarded for gallant work at Dieppe. His wife, a South African film actress, accompanied him to the Palace

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Hearts of Gold

By James Agate

Audi alteram partem! I have received an enormous number of letters about my recent article on *It's That Man Again*. The letters ranged from the modestly protesting to the downright abusive. The reader may remember my saying that if the comedians in this film are funny I would have my brains taken out and buttered. Which has provoked a vigorous Yorkshire lady to the retort that she quite agreed, but that I should also have them fried and given to the dog. It is nice to think that there are good women alive today thinking Falstaff's thoughts all over again.

BUT the unkindest cut of all came from a member of my own family who wrote: "I say categorically, *in toto*, and *ab initio* that *Itma* is the funniest thing ever heard on the radio. I don't demand drollery from Handley. I demand, expect and get unrelated surprises—a riot of utter nonsense. Wake up, my dear brother! If *Itma* is inevitable, relax and enjoy it!!! I trust that this attack upon your wrong assessment of this film DISCOMBOBULATES you. A good word used by Roosevelt recently at a Press Conference."

Andy Hardy's Double Life (Empire) is the thirteenth in this series. Amazing! I seem to have seen so many more of them. I have even dreamed about the outwardly stern but inwardly soft old judge, the sweet silly mother, the sophisticated sister and the incomparable Andy. I seem to have spent a great part of

my life condoling with, laughing with, and sometimes at, being alternately sympathetic and peeved with, this charming, improbable and irritating family. I am left with the feeling that the Hardys are as common in America as tulips are in Holland.

LET us freely admit that this American family, although speaking a language singularly like English, has habits, customs and surroundings which are a complete contrast to our own. Those colossal swimming pools, meals in the open, extraordinary-looking railway trains with compartments like the auditoriums of small theatres, cars racing across country with ten shouting occupants all standing up and waving wildly—any of these phenomena would, if seen in this country, cause the natives to stand agape with astonishment. Not so in the States, where, naturally, nobody seems to take the slightest notice. We cannot, alas, return the compliment: we no longer have oddities and eccentricities wherewith to flabbergast our friends. Which may possibly account for the obstinate failure of any English comic film to make any kind of success transatlantically.

THESE Hardy pictures are episodes in a seemingly endless story which can only come to an end when Mickey Rooney grows old and fat, which is improbable, or loses his charm, which is impossible. In the present picture we watch him in the agonies of

adolescence. He is eighteen, he is about to go to college: meanwhile his last days in his home town are spent in flirting with two girls at once, helping the mother of an injured child and the shiftless fiancé of his sister out of their respective difficulties with that guileless artfulness which is his particular trade mark. The two girls make their, and receive his, advances with great ardour and zest; but it is only make-believe on their part. They are only teaching this young colt, who believes himself to be an irresistible Don Juan, a salutary lesson. Judging from the end of the film, where he starts making love to a strange girl in a railway carriage, the lesson has been completely lost.

THIS brings up another point in the many superficial differences between our nations. It would seem to be quite normal in an American boy to make love to every girl he meets; the average English boy is much more interested in sport. But then he is, as a rule, shyer than his cousin over the water. But can it be that every American girl flings herself at the head of strange young men as it is suggested in these films that she does. But these speculations become me not. What should one of my age know of the manners of adolescents?

THE film is produced with a polish and a finish beyond all praise. The Hardy family, of course, just acts itself. Lewis Stone-Hardy is granite smiling. What a heart of gold! Fay Holden-Hardy is unerringly sweet. A companion heart of gold. Cecilia Parker-Hardy is inexpressibly charming. Another heart of gold. And Mickey Rooney-Hardy has the most golden heart of all, pure, purest gold, twenty-two carat. Probable? Who cares? I prophesy that in the day when films are in circulation and on tap like books Andy Hardy will rank with Tom Sawyer.



"Andy Hardy's Double Life" is the Latest Mickey Rooney Film. It is at the Empire, Leicester Square

Andy Hardy has reached the mature age of eighteen when this latest George Seitz film opens, and is making the most of his last two days at home before starting his final student days at Wainwright College. Andy at eighteen imagines himself something of a lady killer and two of his girl friends, Sheila (Esther Williams) and Polly (Ann Rutherford), decide to teach him a lesson. Sheila is a psychology student, and conspires with Polly to vamp Andy. She makes a great fuss of him and then tells him she has construed his romantic behaviour as a proposal of marriage. Only when Andy has plumbed the depths of despair do Sheila and Polly confess their conspiracy as a frame-up to teach him the danger of his over-enthusiastic wooing. Andy is contrite and decides to change his ways. Once aboard the train for Wainwright, however, his old habits return. In the compartment he spots a beautiful young girl. She also is on her way to Wainwright which, unknown to Andy, has recently become a co-educational university. Andy is overjoyed at the news. Future college days look bright and his bitter experiences with Sheila and Polly are already a thing of the past. On the left Mickey Rooney is seen with Esther Williams and Ann Rutherford; on the right is a scene in the train, when Mickey, on the journey to Wainwright, meets Sue (Susan Peters) for the first time and starts his old campaign of rapid flirtation in the way he has always done

They Saw "Desert Victory"

A Distinguished Audience at the World Première: Pictures of the Film on page 338



*Sir James Grigg,
the Minister for War*



*General Sir Alan Brooke, Chief
of the Imperial General Staff*



*Lieut.-Colonel Macdonald,
the Producer of the Film*



*Lieut.-General Nye, Vice-Chief of the
Imperial General Staff, and Mrs. Nye*



*Cdr. Graham Johnstone and Mrs. Graham
Johnstone (Doris Zinkeison, the artist)*



*Air Vice-Marshal William
Coryton and Mrs. Coryton*



*General Sir Thomas Riddell-Webster, Quartermaster-
General, Lady Riddell-Webster, and General Lee, U.S.A.*



*Major-General Hare and Mrs. Fraser-Tytler,
Deputy Director of Organisations, A.T.S.*



*Mrs. Lockhart, Miss Lockhart,
and Major-General Rob Lockhart*



*Major-General the Hon. E. F. Lawson, Mrs.
Lawson, Rear-Admiral Rushbrooke, Captain Brooking*

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

The Merry Widow (His Majesty's)

The Merry Widow, Daly's Theatre, Leicester Square in June, 1907: what different days, what brighter nights this revival recalls! Though lively, the pace was somehow less swift thirty-six years ago, when Léhar's melodies first entranced, and Lily Elsie's flower-like charm created, as the stage historian reminds us, "a perfect furore." Edwardian jollity, one feels, had more in common with that of the Regency than of the neo-Georgian. The dance had yet to galvanise its rhythms, the crooner's lament to please or appal. The nostalgia of the cotton fields was innocent of, or at least not subjugated by, jazz, and swing had yet to hustle the classics and give old masters the works.

The Widow herself, though merry, could never have been boisterous. Viennese in origin, she respected tradition; and merriment in Vienna and whoopee elsewhere have long agreed to differ. On migrating to Paris to suit the book, she left, no doubt, some indigenous graces behind. And in crossing the Channel to delight this barbarous isle, she possibly shed more. She did, however, retain her own graces of song and dance, and she has them still.



Natalie, Popoff's wife (Nancy Evans), protests that she is a dutiful wife in spite of her flirtation with the Vicomte Jolidon (Charles Dornin)

Sketches by
Tom Titt

Sonia, the Merry Widow of Marsovia, (Madge Elliott) dances with the gallant Prince Danilo (Cyril Ritchard)



They are, indeed, this revival's outstanding attraction; they, and the presence of Mr. George Graves.

It may seem odd to stress the virtue of style



in so essentially frivolous an entertainment. Yet style is what distinguishes this old musical comedy from so many of its successors. Léhar, on whose music it lives, graduated from good schools. He served his apprenticeship to music as violinist, concert and band leader, and composer of opera. Then he specialised in operetta, and his waltzes set all the world dancing. The mantle of Johann Strauss becomes him; and amateurs and professionals alike find in his scores attractions that mutually delight.

THE book of the play has been overhauled and garnished with some modern quips. The dancing, arranged by Robert Helpmann, has been supplemented by relics from a remoter past. The can-can, that gallic snoop at conventional decorum, breaks into Léhar's charmed circle with an abandon that is less frothy than vigorous, and though brilliantly danced, seems to astonish, rather than to complement, the well-remembered waltzes.

Right: The inimitable George Graves once again plays Baron Popoff, the part created by him in the first production of 1907



Left: "I'm Just a Simple Girl" sings Frou-Frou, the girl from Maxim's (Carol Raye) to the susceptible Nisch (Leo Franklyn)

The plot is unremarkable. There is a worm in the bud of Prince Danilo's love for the opulent Widow, and the story of its depredations and final extirpation is not without narrative longueurs. Perhaps it is a thought too seriously told. Neither handsome Madge Elliott nor keen-edged Cyril Ritchard welcome inanity; and the shilly-shally progress of the romance seems somewhat arbitrarily tortuous in the far from canonical circumstances.

Mr. Ritchard, one would say, is primarily a satirical comedian, happiest when stripping sentimental gilt from dubious gingerbread. Neither light comedy nor burlesque come amiss to him. He can dance, and he can sing. His charm is undeniable; his record in revue is brilliant. But musical-comedy heroics are tricky. They need steering between the pseudo-sublime and the patently ridiculous to ensure that, like rolling stones, they gather no moss. To handle them realistically, or to treat them as they deserve, is to smudge their bloom. So that, whether in his cups or on the high horse, forswearing his love for Sonia or sporting with Frou-Frou in the shade of Maxim's, Prince Danilo has to preserve that precarious balance between shilly and shally which tradition and the plot demand.

Mr. Ritchard never fails to arrest and entertain us, though we sometimes suspect that his friendly bark does not altogether disguise his satirical bite. One snap, so to speak, and the heroics would be abolished by laughter. So, in another way, is it with Sonia, whom Miss Elliott endows with arts that would do credit to Candida, and plumbs, with more feeling than their nature deserves, sentiments that are only vaudeville deep.

As decanted by Mr. George Graves, the patter of Baron Popoff is vintage graves, dry, nutty, delectable. The voice that ejaculates those homely proverbs and racy confidences has olympian authority. Its parrot-like timbre—is it Dan Leno it recalls?—is flawlessly clear and superbly audible; and it awakens authentic echoes of the nights that are no more.

The production glitters. Professor Ernest Stern's scenes, typical of his period mastery, revolve with ingenious effect. Mr. Chappell's frocks have the Edwardian opulence; though the can-can dancers seem equipped more for ballet proper than for improper cabaret. Miss Nancy Evans, the adventures of whose fan give the sub-plot a Windermere flavour, sings with rich-toned brilliance, and Miss Carol Raye's vivacious Frou-Frou brings deft graces to the dance.

Drama on Wheels

In Cathedral and Village Church, Schoolroom and Theatre, the Pilgrim Players Find Their Stage

Soon after the outbreak of war, the Pilgrim Players were founded by producer Martin Browne, under the auspices of the Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts. They took the name of Pilgrim Players because they originally set off from Canterbury. The object of the Players is to bring the best of the theatre to all those who feel the need of such recreation, particularly in wartime, no matter what difficulties are involved. Splendidly they have fulfilled their ambition. Working as a fellowship, and at the same rate of pay as the unclassified private soldier—17s. 6d. a week, plus allowances for maintenance, clothing and sickness—they have given over nine hundred performances. Patrons of the Players, whose President is Mr. John Gielgud, include the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Archbishop of Birmingham



"Which Way to the School?" The Players are Given Directions

The Pilgrim Players tour the country with their complete company of ten players and equipment in a couple of vans converted from private cars. Their belief is that the three essentials of the theatre are the actor, the play and the audience. Stage and scenery are necessary only as a home for the action and an indication to the audience. They work on the principle that every audience should be as large as possible, and that an audience should pay only what it can afford, the richer and more numerous audiences offsetting the poorer and smaller ones

"Noah," the French Play by André Obey, is the Bible Story

Ada brings Noah the Dove. The cast here includes Norman Tyrrell, Elna Graham, Eric Mitchell, Nina Evans, Henzie Raeburn, Denis Carey, Sylvia Read, Brian Carey. This play is done in the translation used by John Gielgud



"The Dragon and the Dove" was Written by James Bridie

This is an adaptation in two acts of one of the stories in Helen Waddell's "The Desert Fathers." It is the story of an old hermit who dresses up as a Roman Colonel in order to rescue his niece, decoyed away by a wicked monk. Here Brian Carey, Denis Carey and Henzie Raeburn are seen in the Inn scene



"Murder in the Cathedral" by T. S. Eliot

In this scene, Thomas Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury (E. Martin Browne), banishes his tempters, played by Brian Carey, Norman Tyrrell, Denis Carey and Ronald Long. In the foreground is the Chorus, representing the poor women of Canterbury who became Becket's especial care. The play tells one of the great stories of English history

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Entertaining Americans

COUNTESS SPENCER, who accompanied the King and Queen when they visited the American Red Cross Day Club at Northampton, during their recent tour of the Midlands, is a well-known and very popular figure among the American troops stationed in that neighbourhood, for she and her husband frequently entertain large parties of Americans. When she is at home, between her "waits" at Buckingham Palace, Lady Spencer loves to act as hostess to the boys from "over there," and gets a lot of fun from their sometimes unexpected comments on British ideas and manners, and their delightfully spontaneous ways of expressing their gratitude for kindness. First prize in the latter category goes, I think, to the private from Oklahoma who, after being shown over the house and gardens, and given tea, looked at the slim, attractive figure of his hostess and exclaimed: "Countess, you certainly are a peacherino, and the boys all love you."

Candidate for the A.T.S.?

FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD Lady Margaret Montagu-Douglas-Scott, younger daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch, had a very unusual and interesting experience recently, when, as the only civilian and the only woman in the party, she accompanied the King on an inspection of troops in the Scottish Command. Her father, who is Colonel of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, received His Majesty on his arrival, and took Lady Margaret along to meet him. When the King suggested she might like to join the party, Lady Margaret was delighted, and, somewhat to the surprise of the troops, walked round behind the King, keeping demurely several paces in the rear, but closely observing everything that occurred. In camps that night, fierce arguments developed as to whether the unexpected visitor had been Princess Elizabeth or Princess Margaret. Lady Margaret, who has a strong resemblance to her aunt, the Duchess of Gloucester, is always called "Primmy," though her names are Caroline Margaret. As a result of her morning with the King, she is a likely

candidate for the A.T.S. in a couple of years from now.

Gilmour-Gregory-Hood Wedding

MISS DIANA GILMOUR looked very pretty and happy as she walked up the aisle of the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, on the arm of her father, Sir John Gilmour, for her marriage to Major Alexander Gregory-Hood, who is in the Grenadier Guards. She wore a frock of white satin with a train of tulle and filmy lace. There were four little bridesmaids, all dressed alike in long frocks of white muslin with puffed sleeves, the wreaths of red rose-buds in their hair matching their red-satin ribbon sashes. They were the twins Claire and Anne Cobbold, and Camilla and Henrietta Crawley. The Chapel was well filled, and most of the congregation went on to the reception at the Hon. Lady Hardinge's quarters in St. James's Palace, where the bride's mother, the Hon. Mrs. Gilmour, was hostess. Both she and the bride work in the A.T.S. Many relatives were present, including the bride's four aunts, the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Stanley (wearing what must have been the first straw hat of the spring), Lady Hillingdon and the Hon. Lady de Trafford. I saw the tall figure of the Duke of Marlborough with his three daughters, and Lady Hillingdon's two daughters with their cousin, Mrs. Bowes-Lyon. Lady Weymouth brought her schoolgirl daughter and her elder boy, and another family group included Lady Harcourt and her daughter, the Hon. Mrs. John Mulholland, with Miss Mary Mulholland, who is going into the W.R.N.S. Mrs. Robert Harcourt was with them, and her girl—another Mary—who was wearing W.A.A.F. uniform. Mrs. Peter Thursby, the Hon. Roland and Mrs. Cubitt, and Sir Hugh and Lady Smiley were others there.

Birthday Party

AN interesting birthday party at the May Fair was given by Mrs. Daphne Earle (who was Daphne FitzGeorge) recently, to celebrate not only her birthday, but her safe arrival from



To Be Married

Lenore

Miss Cordelia Errington, younger daughter of Commander and Mrs. R. H. Errington, of Tostock Old Hall, Bury St. Edmunds, is engaged to the Hon. Peter Beckford Rutgers Vanneck, younger son of Lord Huntingfield and the late Lady Huntingfield

France, where she had been living at Monte Carlo, after having had to leave her home in Florence when Italy entered the war. Consequently, too, there were quite a few South of France regulars at the party who had also been fortunate enough to find their way back to England. They included Canon Tupper-Carey, so long Chaplain at the English Church in Monte Carlo; Lady Du Cane, one of the "regulars" of past years; and Lady Trent, whose villa at Cannes was so well known. Mrs. Earle also invited Dr. McNab, chief surgeon at Westminster Hospital (where Mrs. Earle is now nursing), and the theatre sister, Sister Reece; and also Mr. Gwynne Williams, as well as Miss Wyatt, of the Chelsea Red Cross. Kathleen, Lady Domville, Sir Charles Doughty, Mrs. Eric Palmer and Sir Joseph Addison were others there. Mrs. Earle and her sister, Mrs. Robert Balfour, are the sole surviving granddaughters of that great Victorian personality, the Duke of Cambridge. They have charming voices,



King George of the Hellenes was the guest of honour at the monthly reception given by the Welcome Committee of the Overseas League. Here he is seen talking to Mrs. Earle and Princess Arthur of Connaught. On the left is the Bishop of Gibraltar, and behind his Majesty is Major Sir Jocelyn Lucas, M.P., chairman of the Welcome Committee



Others present were Colonel Sir Thomas Cook, M.P., Liaison Officer to the Allied Forces, and Admiral Sir William and Lady James. The Admiral, formerly C-in-C. Portsmouth, was recently elected M.P. for North Portsmouth, and occupies the newly created post of Chief of Naval Information at the Admiralty

Guests at the Overseas League Reception for Allied Officers



Three Important Recent Weddings in London

F/Lt. Paul Anthony Tomlinson, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Tomlinson, married Patricia Ann Graham, younger daughter of Air Vice-Marshal and Mrs. Ronald Graham, at St. Michael's, Chester Square. Little Jacqueline Harris was bridesmaid

The Hon. Edward Carson, the Life Guards, son of the late Lord Carson and of Lady Carson, of Cleve Court, Minster, Thanet, married Miss Heather Selater, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Selater, of Birchington, at St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington

Major Alexander Gregory-Hood, Grenadier Guards, son of Major and Mrs. C. Gregory-Hood, of Loxley Hall, Warwick, married Miss Diana Gilmour, daughter of Major-Sir John Gilmour and the Hon. Mrs. Gilmour, at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks

and together sang some Purcell and Mendelssohn duets. Mr. John Simon played, and Mr. Eric Marshall also sang.

Soirée Dansante

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH, who is president of the Soirée Dansante to be held at Claridge's on April 3rd, was to have been in the chair at the recent meeting, but owing to her absence, Mrs. Norman Crowther, the chairman, most adequately took her place. As this dance is in aid of the British Red Cross Prisoners of War Fund, it is natural that there should be a good response, and so far tickets—a guinea each, or two for 35s.—are selling well. Raffle tickets at a shilling each are proving very attractive, when it is realised that there is a chance of winning a bottle of gin, or champagne, or of whisky. Lady Stanley, Lady Diana Cooper and the Earl of Scarborough are among vice-presidents, and Mrs. Gilbert McCaul Bell is deputy chairman, with Mrs. Stanley Clench, Lady Firth, Mrs. Archibald Nettlefold, and that ever-generous American friend of Britain, Mrs. Warren Pearl, as vice-chairman. Lord Downshire is honorary treasurer, and with great generosity he has paid for the band, and has given the bottle of champagne which is to be raffled.

Around Town

MEMORIES of Monte Carlo, Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Ayres were recalled one foggy morning recently when Captain Charles Worth, one of the most entertaining captains who ever sailed the Seven Seas, came into the May Fair lounge on one of his flying visits to London. Nearly everyone remembers him as staff-captain of that lovely and ill-fated ship, the Arandora Star, and his fame as a witty raconteur gained for him a host of friends whenever he touched port. Now Captain Worth is going to write a book about his experiences in the Arandora Star, where he met everybody, from President Machado, the Dictator of Cuba, to Mr. Lloyd George, who, he confesses, was always one of his favourite passengers. He has retired from the sea nowadays, but is a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Home Guard, and is in charge of the A.R.P. organisation at one of the greatest aircraft factories in the country.

Guest of honour at a luncheon given in honour of the Polish Forces at Simpson's Services Club that same day was Count Roger Raczyński. In the chair was Lord Barnby, and beside him, the Rt. Hon. Hugh Dalton, who paid great tribute to our gallant ally. Among the many guests were Sir Louis Greig,

Sir William and Lady Max-Muller, General Tadeusz Malinowski, Mrs. Charles Sweeny, Major A. Huskisson, and Dr. S. L. Simpson.

Interesting Play

MR. ASHLEY DUKES, looking jaunty and cheerful, stepped out of the Mercury Theatre as I stepped in to see Eugene O'Neill's play *Days Without End*, a brave attempt to present inner conflict articulately and logically, with Andre van Gysegheim consistently sinister and most successful as the bad side of a very intense, tortured and gauntly distraught man, played by John Trevor, and Mary Newcomb's charming voice and personality doing what they could to redeem a very limited woman.

The production is by the Mary Newcomb Players, in association with C.E.M.A., and it has now set off on an extensive tour of the South Wales mining towns and villages, the third tour of these places by a company sponsored by C.E.M.A. The Mary Newcomb Players have been playing to troops in the Southern Command for the past three years.

Land Girls' Champion

LADY DENMAN is not often seen in London, for since early war days she has been working heart and soul for the success of the Women's Land Army; but she was present the other afternoon at Grosvenor House, when there was a meeting at which she presided, and at which she spoke with all her usual eloquence about the post-war needs of the W.L.A. She spoke particularly of its benevolent fund, and of the need to provide funds for courses at Agricultural Colleges. Incidentally, it is not generally realised that there are already 55,000 members working in England and Wales excavating and destroying pests—not greenfly, but rats. Mrs. W. S. Morrison, who represented the Women's Farm and Garden Association, also spoke on the Home Front, and so did Squadron Officer Wood, W.A.A.F., followed by Mr. F. M. McClean, of the National Farmers' Union. It seems that a thousand recruits a week can still be absorbed and are urgently needed by the W.L.A.

Reception

THE KING OF THE HELLENES was guest of honour at this month's party given by the Overseas League Welcome Committee for Allied Officers. Among those who came to meet the King were Princess Arthur of Connaught, the Ambassadors for Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Egypt, Greece and Brazil; the Greek Prime Minister and members of the Greek Government, and

the Chargés d'Affaires for Yugoslavia and China. British diplomacy was represented by Sir Michael and Lady Palairret, Sir Joseph Addison and Mr. Nichols, who is British Ambassador to Czechoslovakia. Politics was upheld by Sir John and Lady Anderson, the Earl of Selborne, Mrs. Neville Chamberlain, Miss Florence Horsburgh, Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, Solicitor-General, Lady Maxwell Fyfe, and Lady Jowitt. British Service representatives included Admiral Sir William James, Admiral Vivian, General Sir Arthur Smith, Air Vice-Marshal Inglis, Air Commodore Huskinson, and many other members of all three Services. Lady Annaly, who was chairman of the Welcome Committee in pre-war days, was greeted by many old friends. Other guests were Sir Frederick and Lady Leith-Ross, Mrs. Buckley, whose nephew, Captain Sherbrooke, R.N., won the V.C. recently, and many pretty girls for the younger officers; there is no doubt that many international friendships are made at these receptions.



Inspecting the Exhibits

Above is Lady Sherwood, who with her husband visited the "Wings for Victory" Exhibition at Dorland House. She is Lord Camrose's daughter, and married Lord Sherwood in 1942. He is additional Under-Secretary of State for Air

Hermione Baddeley Returns to Straight Drama in "Brighton Rock"

The Story of a Brighton Race-Gang



When Ida Arnold is not in the local, she is on the pier—it is the next best place for picking up a new gentleman friend. It is the mysterious disappearance of one of these "gentlemen friends" which causes Ida to investigate the doings of Pinkie's race-gang (Hermione Baddeley)



"You don't want to get mixed up in a murder"
Cubitt meets Ida in the local. He has been drinking too much, and under her careful questioning reveals a great deal about Pinkie's gang. Ida gets her first proof from this conversation that it is Pinkie's gang who murdered her friend



"Why don't you lay off that bitch?"

In Pinkie's room at Frank's Place, two of the boys fight over Judy, the moll of the gang. This sordid bedroom provides the background of Pinkie's headquarters. (Norman Pierce as Cubitt, Richard Attenborough as Pinkie, Bill Hartnell as Dallow, Virginia Winter as Judy, and Beckett Bould as Spicer)

● *Brighton Rock* has been adapted by Frank Harvey, author of *Saloon Bar*, from the novel by Graham Greene. It is a sensational, strong story of the machinations of Brighton's race-gangs and of the sordid lives and distorted mentalities of the men and women who make up these gangs. It may come as something of a shock to many theatregoers, seasoned as they are on the unfortunate Miss Blandish, to learn that such gangs have, and do exist, in this country. The play provides a strong part for Hermione Baddeley who, as Ida Arnold, a warm-hearted, dominating frequenter of saloon bars, finally tracks down the chief gangster, a ruthless, thwarted, embittered youth of seventeen, played by Richard Attenborough. The cast also includes Harcourt Williams, Dulcie Gray, Beckett Bould, Lyn Evans, Norman Pierce and Bill Hartnell. Richard Bird produced the play, which is presented by Linnit and Dunfee



"You're so yellow you'd kill your best friend to save your own skin"
Cubitt (Norman Pierce) leaves Pinkie's gang following the second murder



"It's your Mum, dear"

Ida is determined to save Rose from further degradation if she can. She learns that Pinkie, having finished with the girl, is inciting her to join him in a suicide pact. Masquerading as Rose's mother, she forces her way into Pinkie's room



"You've never seen vitriol? That's vitriol. It burns."
By accident, Rose Wilson (Dulcie Gray), a young waitress, comes upon evidence which would convict Pinkie of murder. Pinkie decides to terrify the girl into silence, and arranges to meet her one evening on the pier. Rose falls devotedly in love with Pinkie, who finally marries her, so that she cannot be called upon to give evidence against him



"Pinkie, I thought Colleoni's mob had got you"
Spicer (Beckett Bould), badly mutilated, comes back to Pinkie's room only to be murdered by Pinkie, who has no further use for him. On the left is Harcourt Williams, as Prewitt, the gang's lawyer



Razor-slashing is the favourite form of attack employed by the race-gangs. From time to time, the leaders of the various gangs fall out, and the fighting is then desperate. Pinkie himself is badly slashed in one such attack, and goes to Rose to have his wounds dressed. "They got more than they gave," he says

Photographs by
John Vickers



"I love you, Pinkie. Wherever you go, I'll go too"
Rose, convinced at last that Pinkie is right in his determination that the two of them should commit suicide, writes the farewell note. Meanwhile, behind her back, Pinkie examines the gun with which he proposes to shoot Rose as she jumps over the pier



"He was no good to you, dear"
As Pinkie prepares to shoot Rose, members of the gang, led by Ida, rush on to the pier. Pinkie is himself terribly injured in the fight that follows and is thrown over into the sea. Rose, still believing in her lover, is desolate

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

REVIEWING what is being done by British lovers of France to cheer the Fighting French forces in our midst, a chap forgot to mention incidentally a piece of work for the Entente very early in the war, when somebody translated a history of Harwich for distribution to the officers and crews of visiting French destroyers.

The moral effect of this little gift, apart from its intrinsic interest, was obviously such that we found ourselves at the time overhearing imaginary bits of appreciation exchanged by our Ally's sailors. E.g.:

"Tu pleures, coco?" ("Thou weepest, old boy?")

"C'est ce sacré petit machin d'Harwich qui me fait pleurer ma vie fichue." ("It's this exquisite little history of Harwich, on reading which I mourn my wasted life.")

"Oh, là, là!" ("Oh, là, là!")

Most probably those sailors took those little books home and read them to girls in Brest and Toulon.

Many of these girls are now married, with children knowing all about the history of Harwich.

Think what that is going to mean for the future of civilisation and do not shuffle with your feet.

Yawp

WHETHER that new American voice broadcasting to Tunisia on the Rome wavelength is that of the poet Ezra Pound, who lives at Rapallo, went Fascist some time ago, and has been on the air once or twice, is not yet established, we believe. The voice isn't using much bad language, as yet.

The poet Pound is hairy-chested and fond of bad language, which he hands out freely in his letters, one of which we once studied. This one was furious, typewritten rather carelessly in a kind of baritone roar, and, on the whole, less tedious than some of the poet Pound's verse-offerings, which seem to us otiose. Most poets are dainty and finicking in their correspondence, thinking doubtless of Collected Editions and Definitive Lives by spinster ladies in grey silk. Mr. Pound goes in for locution like "bitchborn louse" and "slug" and "god-damn dumb outshining blob." The "bloodies" stud his epistolary style like recurring jewels, and he prefers spellings like "licherchoor" and "maggerzeen." An angry noisy boy, and whether or not a genius we wouldn't know, God bless you, though Mr. Pound certainly does, and how.

Going so baldheadedly Fascist was a temperamental move, we guess, which this poet may live to regret. It may turn out

to have been better if that wayward snozzle had been kept out of such things. The Italians have a fundamental goodness, and when they eventually get Mussolini out of their system it may entail getting poor Mr. Pound out of their system too. Too bad for Ole Ez's correspondents, who will soon afterwards be reading themselves deaf.

Snoop 1

THOSE twelve Board of Trade women who are touring the country (dear Heaven!) to find out "how many larger-than-average women are likely to need new clothes" will find more work in the North than the South, if our lifelong theory (for which the Royal Society thanked us) is correct.

Our theory, once more, is that girls are larger in the North because they have to sit around all their lives listening to the men of the North telling them in hard flat voices how everything should be done. The poor sweets never get any exercise, and are generally kept in purdah. You see pathetic big dark eyes glancing down from behind the grille



"If things go on like this, Burkinshaw, we shall have to open up the second font"

in a big Northern city and you hear a frightful brassy voice in the background saying "Ay, opp theer Ah tell thee they know nowt," meaning London. Then there is a blow and a cry, and the eyes disappear.

Pierre Loti took the plot of *Les Désenchantées* from Manchester, not Constantinople, as is generally believed. His three little "Turkish" girl-friends were actually named Miss Sidebotham, Miss Rowbotham, and Miss Shufflebotham. In later life they grew very lethargic, stout and despondent and married a Mr. J. Obed Smith of the cotton industry, but the handsome Frenchman was never forgotten. "That chap Li Hung Chang, he knows nowt," Mr. J. Obed Smith would say, laying down his *Guardian* preparatory to enunciating a few simple rules for governing China. His poor stout little wives would weep silently into their weak coffee, dreaming of Loti and remembering how they all used to cry together, thinking of liberty.

Footnote

IN the South women are slimmer and more agile, especially in the rural districts, where they are used for carrying and holding things, also for grinding sugarcane and driving in harness. They get a hell of a time, but they don't have to listen all their lives to the way things should be run. Kemal Ataturk was just about to free the women of the North of England, they say, when he got interested in horses instead.

Snoop 2

THE Board of Trade male Gestapo are apparently swooping simultaneously on tailors who yield to the cries of dressy members of the Island Race to make them, turned-up trousers; a fancy which is now illegal and was pancy to begin with.

(Concluded on page 334)



"Got any secret messages?"

Stage and Screen

Some Celebrities Off Duty



First-Night Dressing-Room Scenes at "The Merry Widow" Revival

George Graves, who plays his original part of Baron Popoff, read a telegram of congratulations from Lily Elsie (the original Merry Widow) to Madge Elliott (now playing the role) and Cyril Ritchard.



Celebrating the First Anniversary of "The Doctor's Dilemma"

Vivien Leigh gave the party, and amongst the well-known stage personalities there were Kay Hammond, the hostess, Ivor Novello, who was feeding Bee Lillie, and Laurence Olivier, who is Vivien Leigh's husband, and is serving in the Fleet Air Arm.



Carol Raye, the young actress who is making such a success as Frou-Frou in the revival, had a dressing-room visit from her mother and her father, a Lieut.-Commander, R.N., and from Mrs. A. V. Alexander, wife of the First Lord of the Admiralty.



At the Premiere of "Star Spangled Rhythm," Paramount's New Musical Comedy at the Plaza

In the audience on the opening night of "Star Spangled Rhythm" were Diana Wynyard (now Mrs. Carol Reed), Mrs. David Niven, Mr. David Rose and David Niven, in uniform.



Lady Birkin and Mrs. Tony Pelissier were two more who saw the film. Mrs. Pelissier is Penelope Dudley Ward, film actress, who is co-starring with Laurence Olivier in "Demi Paradis."

Standing By ...

(Continued)

For ninety-odd years the Victorians were manly enough to turn their massive trousers up themselves before plodding through their filthy streets, letting down the reef again on reaching home, or some terrible conversation. If too proud to turn up the ends of their pants themselves, they ordered a flunkey named John or Thomas to do it. They'd no more have gone around with permanently turned-up trousers than they'd have listened to Mr. Gladstone with their shirts hanging out. Then came the *fin de siècle* of the 1890's and the *Yellow Book*, and a fearful languor overspread men about town, causing them to implore their tailors in King Edward's reign to turn their lounge-suit trousers up once for all (for they dared not suggest that the sacred striped pants of the Mayfair morning uniform be degraded in the same fashion). Cleaner pavements and roads have long since made the wearers of the permanent turn-up look supremely ridiculous, not that the Race doesn't look pretty odd in any kind of trousers, or in none.

Only one degree less ludicrous than modern legwear are attempts at "reforming" it, which Wilde first attempted with his knee-breeches. As we've so often argued, you need to start beautifying at the top. Masks of exquisite fantasy for the entire Race are our simple solution. Once the Strand looked like a large-scale production of *l'Après-Midi d'un Faune*, trousers would decline and die of their own account. What to do with those gnarled and knobbly knees could then be decided at leisure.

Contretemps

LASHED into a tall state of indifference by current fuss over the transport of cut flowers by rail, we observe that daffodils are now travelling from the West Country to the North by sea, with Ministry of War Transport inspectors watching every move and (maybe) envying the unloading dockers at their dainty task.

Ever longing to see Bureaucracy take a knock, we wonder idly what those inspectors would look like if one of the dockers tripped and dropped a box, and out of the scattered flowers rose the Rosy-Fingered herself, rhododactulous Aphrodite, the Queen of Love, the Cyprian, with her doves surrounding her, smiling and fatal. You say this couldn't possibly happen in this country, outside Sadler's Wells? Our information is that something almost as strange happened recently to a Mrs. J. Fossicks of Burpton, Beds., who was tapping a Woolton breakfast egg when a tall strong handsome half-naked figure dressed in a lion-skin stepped from it, holding a huge club. "What are you doing in my egg?" asked Mrs. Fossicks sharply, to which the stranger replied politely, "As a matter of fact my mother laid it; my name is Hercules," and instantly vanished.

To a Press representative

Mrs. Fossicks said later indignantly, "It is coming to something if the Government cannot prevent such things happening to rationed eggs." Mr. Fossicks said: "There should be a law about it, or something." A Food Ministry official said: "Lord Woolton is giving the matter his careful attention," and nothing more was heard of the incident.

Model

HAVING been elected M.P. for Portsmouth, Admiral Sir William James was once more reminded by the Fleet Street boys in chorus—in case he'd forgotten—that he is the original of the curly child in Millais' "Bubbles." ("The curls are now iron-grey," added one of the gossips, revealing that Time marches on.) We guess the Admiral knows by heart one sentence of his obituary, at least.

However, the Admiral remains unsoured; unlike a huge redfaced glowering chap we once met in a Chelsea pub who said he was the original of the naked Eros in Watts' "Love Locked Out," and wanted to fight everybody he told because telling people made him feel embarrassed. It likewise soured George Eliot at parties when people whispered that she was the original of Landseer's "Monarch of the Glen," standing at bay and snorting defiance at the critics. This was true, whereas the art critics' guess that she was the horse in "Sir Isumbras at the Ford" was founded merely on superficial likeness. Landseer's models were often



"Guess where I live!"

curiously sensitive in later life—e.g. that present Cabinet Minister with the big soft brown pathetic eyes from whom Landseer painted the tiny doggie next to Ponto in "Oh, Ponto, Don't Lick Grandma," the Academy sensation of 1881.

Flop

DOWN our way that evergreen rustic joke the annual cuckoo débâcle has begun already, Ernie Potts having on three separate occasions imitated the Harbinger of Spring in a lonely copse, in the hope of fooling Major Harkaway of Verbena Cottage and causing him to write excitedly to the *Times*. So far the attempt has been unsuccessful, the Major having gone sour on the cuckoo racket.

It was in April 1939 that the Major, having written in vain to the *Times* for nine successive springs announcing the cuckoo weeks in advance of all the other entrants, fired his final desperate shot:

SIR,—Today I again heard the cuckoo in this district for the first time. Is this a record? If not, will you oblige me by cutting yourself a nice slice of jugular vein? I have the honour to be, &c.,

E. RAMJAR HARKAWAY,
Major (ret.).

In Printing House Square they have a black list of premature cuckoo-addicts. Among these is an aged clergyman who used to add a mild postscript: "I may say that I can vouch for the verisimilitude of this assertion, being myself the cuckoo which inspired Delius." This seemed at length to the *Times* boys specious and verging on sciolism, especially as this correspondent sometimes claimed to be Bonnie Mary of Argyle, enclosing a whiskery snapshot.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Curious. I wonder where they came from?"



At the Colonial Office

Colonel the Rt. Hon. Oliver Stanley, M.C., M.P.

The Earl of Derby's Son is Secretary
of State for the Colonies

In November 1942, Colonel Oliver Stanley succeeded Viscount Cranborne as Colonial Secretary. Conservative M.P. for Westmorland since 1924, his first ministerial appointment was as Parliamentary Under-Secretary at the Home Office in 1931; since when he has occupied the posts of Minister of Transport, Minister of Labour, President of the Board of Education and of the Board of Trade; and from January to May 1940, that of Secretary of State for War, a post held by his father, Lord Derby, during the last war. Colonel Stanley served from 1914 to 1917 in the Lancashire Hussars Yeomanry, and in May 1940, on leaving the Government, he rejoined the Army

Photographs by Pictorial Press



Family Pictures

The Duchess of Marlborough
and Three of Her Children



Lady Caroline Spencer-Churchill

For over a year, the younger daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough did full-time secretarial work in a hospital, but deciding that she would be even better employed on the more active work of nursing, she recently qualified as a V.A.D. She is now working at a hospital in Oxfordshire

Yevonde



Lady Sarah Spencer-Churchill

Like her sister, Lady Sarah Churchill is doing full-time war work. She is twenty-one, and was a debutante of 1939, but since the outbreak of war she has been employed in the designing office of a munition factory



Marcus Adams

Lord Charles Looks Thoughtful



The Duchess of Marlborough and Her Younger Son

Marcus Adams

The Oxfordshire Branch of the Red Cross is fortunate in having a very energetic and able President in the person of the Duchess of Marlborough. From her home, Blenheim Palace, Woodstock, she takes an active interest in all social and war work in the County, being especially interested in the establishment of community kitchens by the local W.V.S. Under her chairmanship, the Rural Pennies Section of the Red Cross Agriculture Fund has increased its subscriptions from £2000 to £9000 a week since December 1941, and is now collecting at the rate of £1 a minute. The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough have a family of five: the Marquess of Blandford, seventeen this year; Ladies Sarah, Caroline and Rosemary Spencer-Churchill; and Lord Charles Spencer-Churchill, born in 1940. The two elder daughters, like their mother, are both working hard for the war effort



Lord Charles Spencer-Churchill

Marcus Adams

The Glorious Story of the Eighth Army in the Battle of Egypt is Told in "Desert Victory"



British troops being dive-bombed by Rommel's forces in the north



The Royal Artillery goes into action on the first day of the big attack



British infantry pass German dead and equipment at the beginning of the break-through



British soldiers stand by listening to General Montgomery prior to the Eighth Army's offensive



The piper of a Highland regiment plays "Highland Laddie" before going into battle



General Montgomery watches his troops as they break through Rommel's defences



Supplies are put aboard one of our tanks before the battle commences



British tanks like this one penetrated four miles behind the German positions on the first day



This is just one of the tanks left behind by Rommel's retreating forces

Desert Victory, made by the Army Film Photographic Unit and the R.A.F. Film Unit, is one of the greatest documentary films ever made. Twenty-six cameramen went with our soldiers into the front line—four were killed, five wounded and five captured by the enemy. But the record of their fine work lives. They photographed the Battle of Egypt as a running fight, 1400 miles to Tripoli, and the pictures they took are magnificent in their realism and revelation of stark courage. Everyone should see this film—it is a grim, but inspiring, record of a magnificent fight, magnificently planned and magnificently won.

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Racing Dates, 1913

THE publication of the dates for the principal fixtures in 1913 does not greatly vary the information given earlier on, but the new dates are far more favourable to owners' interests than the first ones, under which the Derby and the Oaks were put down for the same day, May 27th, at Epsom, and the Two Thousand and One Thousand suffered in the same way, and were dated for April 20th at Newmarket. The new dates are much more convenient—the Derby, June 19th, and the Oaks, June 18th, both at Newmarket; the Two Thousand, May 18th, and the One Thousand, May 19th, also at Newmarket. These dates still make it impossible for any filly to run in both the Oaks and the Derby, but as there are only two of the ladies likely to be affected—Mr. Benson's Lady Sybil and Lord Rosebery's Ribbon—the Jockey Club Stewards, hard set as they are to fit things in at all, were quite right in their decision. The new dates mean that the two owners concerned will have to make a definite choice, and at the moment we know nothing about their intentions. The bookmakers, however, seem to have made up their minds for them, for Lady Sybil's figures are 9 to 2 the Oaks, 20 to 1 the Derby, and Ribbon's 7 to 1 the Oaks, 25 to 1 the Derby. Our friends are probably right; they usually are. Personally, I would not put the Derby past Lady Sybil. I think, incidentally, that it is lucky for Nasrullah (present favourite at 4 to 1), that the Derby is to be run at Newmarket. Ascot might have suited him, but Epsom never. Ascot, unfortunately, is not going to get much of the fun—not even its own Gold Cup, for this has been stolen again by Newmarket (July 7th). I still think that it is desirable to regard all these dates as provisional, for we are not very far off a very Big Race.

Socrates to Blame

AND Aristotle must also take a bit of it. Neither of these gentlemen, so far as my limited knowledge of the private lives of eminent *littérateurs* of a bygone age affords me any aid, knew anything whatever about equitation, or,

as it is more commonly called, horseback riding. If they had, I am sure that Dr. Joad would have been a centaur. Aristotle was responsible for adding the word "peripatetic" to our most variegated dictionary; Socrates was once upon a time a Hoplite, or heavy infantry soldier: neither of them ever wanted to tempt fate (and the undertaker) on the back of a horse. I say all this subject to correction by the most devoted of their followers, who, as I gather from the pages of one of our most erudite and



Hay Wrightson

The Hunting-Horn Major

Major Ted Worrall, M.C., of The Durham Light Infantry, led his men into battle against enemy tanks and machine-gun fire to the sound of his hunting-horn. Later, he went forward alone several times to clean up machine-gun nests, winning the M.C. for his exploits



The Late Viscount Maitland

The Earl of Lauderdale's only son, a Lieutenant in The Lothian Border Horse, was recently killed in action in the Middle East. Six years ago he married a daughter of the late Sir Herbert Perrott, Bt., and there are two daughters of the marriage. This miniature was painted by Miss Muriel Smith, A.R.M.S.

eminent crepuscular contemporaries, would not have come by a recent accident if either of his pet authors had known a tinker's malediction about one of the most difficult (and also dangerous) of the applied sciences. The quoted odds about Dr. Joad and an Irish horse were evens against his getting on to the animal at all, 6 to 4 against his remaining when it walked, 3 to 1 against the trot, or "Keel Row," 8 to 1 against the canter, or "Bonnie Dundee," 10 to 1 against the gallop, or, as some vulgar horsey persons will call it, the "splittoh."

Silly Odds

OUR unkind contemp. says that the fielders got "over-round" because the Keel Row beat the jockey. I accept no responsibility for the facts, but whoever the bookmaker was; I suggest that he knew less than nothing. Our twilight contemporary says that the layer remarked: "How would a member of the Brains Trust find the way to make a horse gallop, anyway?"

(Concluded on page 340)



The Inter-University Rugger Match: Cambridge Beats Oxford

Cambridge gained their seventh consecutive victory over Oxford in the rugger match played at Cambridge last month. Playing for Cambridge were: (standing) D. S. Ritchie, M. F. Simmonds, D. G. England, P. M. Langham, J. F. Bance, J. G. White, P. Wildman, G. E. S. Woodhouse, Wing Cdr. C. H. Gadney (referee); (sitting) A. D. Thomson, J. R. Bridger, G. T. Wright, J. H. S. Buchanan, R. Hamilton-Wright; (on the ground) J. A. Boyes, J. B. Marriott



D. R. Stuart

In a hard-tackling game, Oxford was beaten by 16 points to 3 in the eighth wartime University match. Playing for Oxford were: (standing) G. W. Myrddin-Evans, A. H. Campbell, A. B. Curtis, W. E. Garrod, L. W. G. Drayton, A. G. Parks, W. A. Gluck, G. O. Brown; (sitting) K. A. W. Overton, H. A. K. Rowland, D. A. B. Garton-Sprenger, A. E. Murray, P. S. Carton-Kelly; (on the ground) R. H. Haynes, R. Seidelin

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

This is a bone-headed remark. Any fool can start a horse galloping, but it demands a lot of brain, and no little trust, to stop him. Anyone who knows anything about racing is well acquainted with the fact that it is only the virtuoso who can stop an "unwanted" horse without being spotted by the stewards; so why talk such nonsense about the brightest jewel in the diadem of the Brains Trust not being able to start a horse galloping? Muddled reasoning in excelsis! Evens against his getting on to the animal were fatuous odds. It is one of the most difficult operations in equitation. Getting off is far easier. Sometimes, even when the animal has a rug over its head, a twitch on its nose and one foreleg held up, mounting is most difficult.

I feel sure that Dr. Joad will agree if I say that it is a pity that an ox does not tread upon some people's tongues more frequently than is the case. I think he may also agree if, vis-à-vis the occurrence under discussion, I quote the learned Tacitus, who said: "Si cadere necesse est occurrendum discrimini."

The Spy, the Bogy and the Doktor

It may be pure coincidence—or on the other hand it may not—that during that very-uncomfortable period of undeclared war, and again very early on in the actual conflict, Germany's star "agent" (1914-18) said to me, when it seemed probable that Russia would overrun Finland and then burst through into the Scandinavian Peninsula, exactly the same thing as the German propaganda merchants and Dr. Göbbels (vide *Das Reich*) are saying to-day—namely, that the only thing that matters is to "stop the Bolshevik dead in his tracks." The gentlemen of to-day have asked whether we (i.e., England) want to see highly-cultured Germany massacred, man, woman and child, by the Tartar hordes. Von Rintelen, whom I found very good value for my business, did not put things quite so bluntly, but said that England, France and Germany were mad to fight amongst themselves and should at once join forces to stop Russia reaching the Atlantic coast via Finland, Sweden and Norway; that she had the biggest submarine fleet in the world, and that unless she were bottled in the Baltic, she would play the cat and banjo with seaborne trade on both sides of the Atlantic. I did not then believe that Von Rintelen was inspired



Army Rugger: Airborne Troops Beat a Guards Armoured Division

The Airborne Troops Rugby football team, seen above, beat a Guards Armoured Division team in the Southern Command by 25 to 5. Sitting: Lt. Fox, Cpl. Whitehead, Capt. Graham-Jones, Major-General F. A. M. Browning, C.B., D.S.O., Lt. Smith, Fusilier Thomas, Capt. Sharp. Standing: Pte. Hands, Lt. Springbett, Lt. Brownscombe, Capt. Waterman, Lt. Pearson. Behind: Sgt. Jenkins, Capt. Cross

by Hitler, for he professed almost as cordial a hatred of that person as he did of Von Papen and Boy-Ed, who were jointly to blame for his capture aboard the Dutch liner *Noordam*, in which he had escaped from the U.S.A. on a forged Swiss passport. He had no reason to love Hitler's régime, for, after the outbreak, the German agents did their best to capture Von Rintelen's daughter, when she was endeavouring to escape from Germany with all her worldly possessions. Their effort, incidentally, was foiled by Von Rintelen, who outsmarted the Customs people at the German frontier. Was it, or was it not, just coincidence that during the Finnish incidents Von Rintelen said the same thing that some very badly scared Germans are saying to-day?

Anxious to Serve Us

At both these periods—namely, the one of undeclared war which succeeded the Munich Comic Opera, and after the actual outbreak—Von Rintelen repeatedly averred that he was most anxious to place himself at the disposal of our Secret Service, but for one reason or another, and even though he enjoyed the

acquaintanceship of his old adversary (and captor), Admiral Sir Reginald Hall, former head of Naval Intelligence, and also was being lionised by literary London: guest of honour at a Foyle's luncheon; a vivid lecturer on Spying in War and Peace to a number of our doubtless pop-eyed schoolboys, our unfeeling Intelligence people would not bite, and one fine day the axe fell, not unexpectedly, so I gathered. The view taken by our watchful Intelligence was that he was far too clever to be safe. Of his cleverness at his particular job there can be no doubt. The disturbing question is, as I view it, are there any more at home (in Germany) like him, and have we anyone as cute as Sir Reginald Hall batting on our side? One of the contributory causes to Von Rintelen's downfall last time was what he had been up to with the Irish leaders in America. I believe that we must have an Admiral Hall or two knocking about somewhere, and this being so, it is quite probable that no German has any immediate chance of being the guest of honour at any more literary luncheons. I am ready to wager that we have at least one cove who would make Sherlock Holmes look like Doctor Watson.



D. R. Stuart

Four Naval Officers

These four officers were photographed at a Royal Naval base in Britain. Lts. A. Miller, R.N.V.R., E. J. H. Groves, R.N.V.R., F. W. Grain, R.N.V.R., and G. C. Angell, R.N.



D. R. Stuart

An Engagement

Roger Henry White-Smith, R.A.F.V.R., younger son of Sir Henry White-Smith, C.B.E., and of Winifred Lady White-Smith, is to marry Kathleen Elizabeth Ayton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Ayton



Rival Football Captains

L. R. White, captain of Eton College under-sixteen football XI., shook hands with Dennis Clark, who captained Reading Y.M.C.A. Boys' Club team, after their match at Eton. Referee was C. H. Taylor (centre)



“Wings for Victory” Week — Coastal Command Leads the Way

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

This is the sort of scene, our artist solemnly assures us, that will be enacted at any Coastal Command station during the next few months, when “Wings for Victory” weeks, sponsored by the R.A.F., will be in full swing all over the country. Banners flown by Balloon Command, R.A.F. detachments marching through the streets, and speeches by Station Commanders will encourage a local orgy of saving and rejoice the heart of Field-Marshal Sir Cyril Deverell, the Hon. Director-General of Services’ National Saving. In the picture above may be observed an Air Marshal patting the bare back of an A.C.2, who has popped his clothes, under the appropriate sign, to buy certificates; the Station Commander diving deep into his pocket; the Station Warrant Officer pouring out his fortnight’s earnings (as Warrant Officers do), much to the joy of the O.i/c. Savings at the table. In the foreground, a dog patriotically licks a savings stamp, while a broody Beuttler seagull demonstrates that the longer you sit on certificates the more they increase in value

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Post-Symbolists

THE HERITAGE OF SYMBOLISM," by C. M. Bowra (Macmillan; 15s.), is a study of the link between five great poets—Paul Valéry, Rainer Maria Rilke, Stefan George, Alexander Blok and William Butler Yeats. These men, though (roughly) contemporaries, were of different nationalities: the scenes of their lives and their destinies lay very far apart. They did not meet; there could be no question of forming friendships; there was no opportunity to confer. Some could not read the languages in which the others wrote, and would therefore have to await the often belated appearance of a translation: no one of the five would have been able to claim close touch with the work of all four others. The Frenchman, the Hungarian who wrote in German, the German, the Russian and the Irishman could thus in no way be said to compose a group. The genius of each was solitary, essentially individual. What, then, besides greatness, and living at the same time, had these poets in common?

They had this in common: they were, as poets, joint inheritors of the tradition of Symbolism—the Symbolism of Baudelaire,

Verlaine and, most of all, Mallarmé. In the third quarter of the French nineteenth century, the Symbolist movement derived its force, though only part of its nature, from reaction against the turgid excesses of Romanticism, on the one hand, and the anti-poetic bleakness of scientific realism on the other. "Symbolism" (says Mr. Bowra) "was in origin a mystical kind of poetry whose technique depended on its metaphysics and whose first popularity was due to the importance that it gave to the poet's self and to the element of music in his art. It made converts and spread to many lands. But behind this golden promise lurked defects, not indeed fatal or fundamental, but still insidious. By the simple act of cutting himself off from vulgar emotions and concentrating on private visions, the Symbolist severed himself from a large part of life, and his work became the activity of the cultured few. Politically, this might be explained as an aristocratic reaction against the insurgent tide of democratic opinions. Nor is such an explanation entirely untrue. . . . The Symbolists hated the public much as Flaubert hated it."

Mr. Bowra's opening chapter on Symbolism

is profound, lucid and stimulating: it cannot be fairly summarised in a review. His object has been to show, and he does show, how Valéry, Rilke, George, Blok and Yeats, each profoundly influenced by the Symbolists at his outset, were forced to pass, each in his own way, beyond Symbolism—and how each of these five, at the same time, never ceased to show the Symbolists' influence in the development of his own poetry. For these younger poets, coming later in time, the pure aesthete's position, with its rigid exclusions, became untenable. It was not that they abandoned this position; it was certainly not that they denounced it—but they expanded beyond it—they broke its bounds. The force of their temperaments, the scale of their genius, the unignorable voice of the outside world (the country, the intellectual idea, the political concept, the love, the friend) made it impossible for Valéry, Rilke, George, Blok and Yeats to remain, like their predecessors, the Symbolists, mystical anchorites. At the same time, Symbolism, its mysticism and its method, never failed to be evident in their work.

Vision and Reality

IN his study of each of these five post-Symbolist poets, Mr. Bowra has, in each case, presented the special nature of the poet's dilemma, defined the particular conflict. He goes on, then, to show how the dilemma was overcome, how the conflict resolved itself—into poetry, that was purer rather than less pure from the diversity of the experience it had transmuted.

As a critic of poetry qua poetry, *The Heritage of Symbolism* is of the highest value. Only the unhappy person who is entirely indifferent to poetry can be left cold by any page of this book. But *The Heritage of Symbolism* is important, and will be found acceptable, for a second and hardly less worthy reason—it leads the English reader direct to the core of the work of four European poets of whom anything but the names and the reputations may have been, by him, barely more than known. The poetry of Valéry, Rilke, George and Blok has been by now absorbed into European feeling, and, has, accordingly, played its part in moulding the newer European ideas. So has that of Yeats—who is more familiar to us. The language-barrier looms between us and the others. But it is high time to make some approach to them.

Paul Valéry, the French "poet of poetry," born in 1871, is the only one of Mr. Bowra's five post-Symbolists who is still living. Rilke, the mystic, whose poetry written in German is so un-German, was born in Prague in 1875, and, having written of death and roses, was to die of a prick from a rose-thorn in 1926. His "Angel" ruled the mystique of his poetry. George, born at Bingen on the Rhine in 1863, was to found a cult but to see his lordly, mystical message travestied, even claimed, by National Socialism, before he died, self-exiled

(Concluded on page 344)



Lady Benson, Mr. Arthur Machen, Sir Max Beerbohm, Mrs. Compton Mackenzie, Mr. Desmond MacCarthy, Lady Beerbohm, Mr. Algernon Blackwood and (nearest camera) Mr. Philip Sergeant

Well-known Author Celebrates His 80th Birthday

Mr. Arthur Machen, the well-known author, celebrated his eightieth birthday a fortnight ago by giving a luncheon-party for friends and relatives at the Hungaria Restaurant in London. Mr. Machen's last work, *A Handy Dickens*, was published little more than a year ago. His home is at Amersham, in Buckinghamshire; his favourite recreation, according to *Who's Who*, "Dog and Duck"



Mr. Arthur Machen and Sir Max Beerbohm



Mr. Colin Summerford and Mrs. Arthur Machen



Mrs. Lyle and Mr. Augustus John

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Evans, Monmouth

Richardson — Williams

Major W. Nigel Richardson, R.A., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Richardson, of Woodbury, Burnbridge, Harrogate, married Clare Nesta Nightingale Williams, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. Humphrey Williams, of Chippenham House, Monmouth, at St. Mary's, Monmouth



Askwith — Riddel

Capt. Colin Askwith, London Scottish, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Askwith, of Hendon, and Barbara Riddel, W.A.A.F., only daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Riddel, of Northenden, Cheshire, were married at Northenden



Dickson — Stroyan

Lieut. David Rutherford Dickson, K.O.S.B., son of Mr. and Mrs. William C. Dickson, of Corstophine and Glassinghall, married Sheila Margaret Stroyan, only daughter of Capt. J. R. A. Stroyan, of Lanrick Castle, Perthshire, and Park Hill, Sunningdale, and the late Mrs. Stroyan, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Youngs — Osborn-Jenkyn

Major William Paul Youngs, of the U.S. Army Air Force, and Daphne Eleanor Osborn-Jenkyn, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Osborn-Jenkyn, of Hazlemere, Bucks., were married at the Parish Church, High Wycombe



Miroy — Wagstaff

Sub-Lieut. Nevill Miroy, R.N.V.R., son of the late Pierre Miroy, and Mrs. Miroy, of Richmond (formerly of Staines), married Barbara Wagstaff, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. H. Wagstaff, of Osterley Park, at St. Mary's Church, Osterley



Prichard-Jones — Davidson

Lieut. Richard William Prichard-Jones, R.A., younger son of the late Sir John Prichard-Jones, Bt., and the late Lady (Marie Ethel) Louth, married Margaret Woodburn (Sally) Davidson, younger daughter of Sq. Ldr. and Mrs. R. H. W. Davidson, of Dolphin Square, Westminster, at St. George's, Hanover Square



Poole, Dublin

Harvey — Watt

F/O. Philip (Tim) Harvey, R.A.F.V.R., second son of the Bishop of Cashel and Mrs. T. A. Harvey, of Bishopsgrove, Waterford, married Patricia Edith Watt, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Watt, of Cliffe House, Dunmore East, Co. Waterford, at Christ Church, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin



Corbett — Woodward

Capt. Howard Stanley Corbett, K.S.L.I., only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Corbett, of Stanmore, Wellington, Shropshire, and Babette Mansure Woodward, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Woodward, of Whitbeck Vicarage, Bootle, Cumberland, were married at Emmanuel Church, Didsbury



Tolstoy-Miloslavsky — Deytrikh

Count Dimitry Tolstoy-Miloslavsky, only son of Count Michael Tolstoy-Miloslavsky, and the late Countess Michael Tolstoy-Miloslavsky, married Natalie Deytrikh, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Deytrikh, of 9, Cromwell Place, S.W., at St. Philip's, Buckingham Palace Road

With Silent Friends

(Continued)

from the new Germany, in 1933. Blok, born in Russia in 1880, was to give a Symbolist-poetic close to the Russian nineteenth century, that had been great with novels. First a visionary, he had to surmount, at the very height of his art, the bitterness of losing his ruling vision—in which his many disciples had invested their faith. He had to find a new faith for himself, if not for them—and thus hailed the 1917 Revolution, with all its suggestion of re-birth. This second inspiration, too, ran its course: he died, in 1921, a silent poet and apparently disillusioned revolutionary. But in his vision of Russia he had been prophetic. In 1913, "he proclaimed that the real Russia was not in the snows and woods and steppes. . . . Instead of Turkish flags on the steppes he saw chimneys and hooters; endless windy distances broken by mills with workmen's dwellings around them. . . . The vision might frighten others, but it did not frighten Blok. . . . On the empty spaces he saw a new star burning, his Russia, his bride, a new America to him. . . . He looked to the New World to redeem the Old."

Yes, poetry as a *European* force, outside the provincialisms of nationality, is worth studying. It is in their common heritage, of Symbolism, that the Europeanism of these five poets is felt. Mr. Bowra quotes generously from the work of each, and adds his own useful analysis. As to the matter of translation, he proceeds, it 'seems' to me, very sensibly. He takes it that 'only the exceptional English person can not read French, whereas only the exceptional English person can read German. He, therefore, gives Valéry's poems in French, without translation, and Rilke's and George's poems in German, but with English translations in the footnote. Further, taking it that the English person able to read Russian is rare enough to be counted out, he gives Blok in English translation only. The translation of poetry can never be satisfactory: sound (lost when the poem leaves the tongue of its birth) is never, in poetry, to be separated from sense. The ring of one word on another, is part of the poem's meaning. But even an approximation to a poet's poetry is better than having nothing of him at all. And, in the superb intellectual frame given them by *The Heritage of Symbolism*, four foreign poets so shine for us that we may know their worth.

Enfants Terribles

"HAY, THEN," by Bridget Chetwynd (Hutchinson; 8s. 6d.) is, in the likeable sense, a deceptive novel. Its apparent flippancy and ruthlessness conceal (though not, by the end, wholly) a valid philosophy of life and a far from inhuman feeling for human nature—just as the apparent inconsequence of the story-telling camouflages the craft, intention and sureness with which, in fact, the story is built up. My first hour or two in the village of Littlepuddle (Somerset) was not, I confess now, too happily spent: I seemed to find myself in a world of elderly female monsters and youthful morons. But, quite soon, the characters shifted and settled down—or else I settled down in their company.



At a "Wings for Victory" Exhibition of Pictures

Here is Sir William Rootes with Lord Willoughby de Broke at the inauguration of an exhibition of R.A.F. paintings at Rootes Piccadilly showrooms, opened by Captain H. Balfour, M.P., Under-Secretary for Air

Air Marshal A. G. R. Garrod looked at the pictures with Mr. R. C. Rootes. The exhibition contains pictures by official war artists, some lent by the National Gallery, dealing with R.A.F. life and personnel

The Littlepuddle, like the immortal Netherfield, neighbourhood, with its marriageable young ladies and anxious mothers, has been thrown into a condition of social chaos by the arrival of a battalion of Guards "straight from that dreadful Dunkerque." How much have Mrs. Boudell-Hay's Rain (so called because she was born in the rains in India) and Mrs. Smithers' Kate to fear from the competition, in the amorous field, of Thea, that languid young war-widow, and Barbara, her more hard-boiled confidante, war grass-widow, with the ever-attendant cousin Alistair?

Time will show; and it does. What one might call the girls of the village—Rain, Kate,

Thea, Barbara, Poppet (who is Barbara's awful child), and Kiddie (who, as daughter of an ex-dancer encamped "in a bungalow, must placate her unwillingly-ageing mother by compressing her ripe young curves into childish frocks) all evince their characters and work out their fates. One goes to the bad; one has a baby; one does the right thing, then regrets it; one gives good advice uselessly; one continues to menace the rest of humanity; one is killed by a bomb. In the background, the older people, some wholly deluded, some more clear-sighted than they choose to appear, continue to endure, with degrees of stoicism, the mystifications and shocks of a world at war.

War, loss, change, and the different ways in which people face up to these, are the theme, really. What has come to stand out, by the end of the novel, is the queer, ironical courage of the characters—and one ends by respecting many and loving some. The story moves to and fro between Littlepuddle and London—London at the height of that autumn blitz. There are brilliantly funny scenes, and not a few subtly grim ones. I adored Poppet—and so, no doubt, will you.

The Camera in the Past

"VICTORIAN PHOTOGRAPHY" (The Focal Press; 12s. 6d.) combines an interesting history of photography, from its invention on, with many examples of camera art-work produced by the Victorian pioneers. We learn much from the comments of Alex. Strasser; and the early gadget aids to camera enterprise—including the instruments of torture into which it was customary to screw the sitter—will entrance the photographer of to-day. Camera-studies by W. H. Fox Talbot, D. Octavius Hill, Roger Fenton, and the famous Mrs. Cameron, are of enduring beauty, though they aim at ideals abandoned now.

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

ANYTHING approaching fanatical partisanship always bores

me. I like the people who can discuss, but I loathe the people who always want to argue. The moment I see an argument looming in the distance I try to head it off as quickly as I can, or, should my efforts fail, only two subjects interest me at that moment—the front door and my hat. Nearly all arguments are futile and usually lead to nothing except a rise in temperature.

The other day I listened to a battle of words between a jazz enthusiast and a lover of serious music. Towards the end, the only conclusion I came to was that neither of the fighters had any wide conception of musical composition at all. Like a horse in harness, they looked at the world they loved through blinkers. Anyway, the subject itself was silly. You might just as well compare the superficial cleverness of youth to the ripper wisdom of old age; the scenery of Lincolnshire in the springtime to Switzerland; the simple charm of the peasant to the philosophy of a man of the world. There is, in fact, nothing to compare—and a preference for one at the expense of the other is merely the sign of musical limitation. A real music-lover can listen to both; not, perhaps, with the same kind of pleasure, but with the same appreciation of quality. They are not on the same level, but each can attain a standard of perfection which gives emotional and intellectual pleasure. It is all a question

of understanding the unbiased approach. Sheridan was not Shakespeare, but his comedies rightly remain classics. Somebody once said that comparisons are odious. Usually, they are also silly. To meet either a stranger or a friend, to view a work of art, to read a new book, to listen to music, is to travel. Your mental or spiritual or emotional journey may only take you round the corner in the next street, but if you are a really understanding and curious sightseer you will not come away empty-minded, though you passed through nothing more exciting than the symbol of a municipal housing estate.

Only the pretentious and the false are trying to the æsthetic temper. And that applies to people as well. So long as someone or something has anything to say and says it in the manner which comes natural to them, because thus they understand it, they are always worth listening to. Only the pedant would quarrel with the mode of expression if the manner revealed an idea, a point of view, an angle purely personal to the author or the creator. Even God reveals Himself with astounding unexpectedness on occasion. A potato-peeler may not have the intricate thought behind it of a Diesel engine, but it performs its job in equal perfection. I like to appreciate them both without, as yet, being foolish enough to compare them. And that, in a musical sense, is my answer to the perennial jazz-classical argument.

I wonder where he is?



Twilight.

The sky is filled with
droning... droning...
Bombers are going out
— I wonder where he is
“—my Peter!”

He too is going out
somewhere —
— now.

Laughing —
yes, laughing of course!
With his boys.

Jock, his gunner,
Dave the Australian,
Poker Face—second
pilot and Shorty —
the imperturbable:
‘Cup o’cawffee, Sir?’

To think,
Last week he was home;
The stories he told
of them.
and the old kite—

‘Peter’s Delivery Van!’
Good luck to them—all.

Baby’s asleep, Peter.

Some day—

Some day

You’ll come home
for good

May that day be soon.

* * * *

We hear the droning, as we listen to the radio and we say “*Lot going over tonight—anything interesting after the news?*” That droning means anxiety—and may mean sorrow—to many a wakeful woman. Let us not forget that. Let us not be conceited about either our war work or our savings. We owe more to our fighting men than we shall ever repay—for we only lend where they give; and give all! Consider your savings in the light of *THIS* thought.

*Pre-war Ascot, Royal Hunt Cup Day.
The Humber was there of course*



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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE

The outfit on the left has been designed and carried out by H. J. Nicoll and Co., Regent Street. They frankly admit it has been inspired by the soldier's battledress. For the jacket tartan has been used, while the trousers are plain. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that this firm excels in equipment for the Army, Navy and Air Force. A feature is likewise made of classic suits as well as wrap-coats for women. The little frock which is making its debut with this firm is sure to meet with success, as it is practical and simple. It is made of a woolly material, hence it does not crush when packing, which is a great advantage. It is available in many colours and sizes. The needs of the older woman and the debutante have been considered. Golden opportunities are offered here for spending coupons to the greatest advantage



It is during times like these that shoes prove their worth. Those pictured on this page enable women to walk, stand or work for a great number of hours without experiencing foot fatigue. They may be seen at 17, Old Bond Street, where they are accompanied by a variety of others. The shoe shown on the left is an Arch Preserver Shoe (Broadway model) of the Gillie character, with calf facing, and is in a variety of colours. Centre is also an Arch Preserver model of the Derby character. Toll has been levied on fawn Java Lizard for its fashioning. Again, there is a Joyce (Double Quick model), which has contrasting saddle and wedge



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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Transport and Typhoonery

TO subordinate all other matters to the winning of the war is the only sane course at the present moment. Yet there are one or two ways in which war-winning activities minister to peace-winning activities. (In speaking of "winning" the peace I use the current jargon which carries with it the unfortunate implication that the coming of peace will merely be a transition from military war to commercial war.)

I would not like to say who originated the suggestion that the Royal Air Force should create a Transport Command. But such a Command would make the best of both worlds and improve efficiency in military matters while at the same time furnishing a useful basis for commercial matters. It is really the solution to many of the problems which have worried the various committees sitting on civil flying. These committees have always been exercised (and rightly) about the organisation for the running of British air lines. They have asked if there ought to be a monopoly and what form subsidy should take and so on. But a Royal Air Force Transport Command would enable such questions to be laid aside and for air lines to run and to develop after peace has come for an indefinite period. In the end, of course, the air lines must go back to the civilians. But to let the Royal Air Force run them until things have settled down and we know where we are is a most sensible plan. In short, the Air Transport Commands of both the Royal Air Force and the American Army Air Forces provide a suitable transition medium. When the war ends there will be many pilots of high skill and great experience. There will be the Spitfire men and the Hurricane men and the Typhoon men. Some will be wanted to continue with their Typhoons and other types; but some will want to go into civil life. For them also the transition period allowed by a Service carrying command would be of high value.

Tip and Run

WHILE I am on the subject of Typhoons, by the way, I must say how glad I was to see in the papers some days ago a good statement of the work the Typhoon pilots are doing to check the tip-and-run raiders on coastal towns. There had previously been an attack on our methods of dealing with the tip-and-run raiders and although it was not in the least directed at the Typhoon pilots it did seem to bear upon their activities. For the Typhoon, with its extremely high speed and good hitting power, is the aircraft on which we mainly rely for intercepting the quick raider. Wonderfully fine work has been done by the Typhoonatics (as the irreverent member of another squadron called them) and there is ample proof in the records and combat reports of the effectiveness of their methods. The successful interception of the tip-and-run raider is largely a question of time. Unless there is early warning of the approach of the enemy it is hopeless by any known means to expect to get fighters into the air and on to him before he gets away. A Focke-Wulf 190 may be moving at a mile in every ten seconds whereas the overhaul rate with the fastest fighter might not be more than a mile in every minute—and that assumes that the defending fighter is diving on the enemy.

Whirlibombers

IT would be instructive to make a list of the nicknames which aeroplanes acquire after a short time in the Service. The Hurribomber and the Spit, are now matched by the Whirlibomber and the Tiffy. The Whirlibomber is that interesting aeroplane, the Westland Whirlwind, adapted to carry bombs. It is the champion loco-buster at the present time and has had remarkable successes in disturbing the enemy's communications both on land and water. The Whirlibomber can hit with bombs or cannon and by these



R.A.F. Pictures

Councillor H. V. Day, Mayor of Westminster, opened this exhibition of photographs of R.A.F. activities, shown in London during "Wings For Victory" week. With the Mayoress, he was shown round by Mr. Thomas McArthur

means can damage trains and ships with equal facility. Perhaps there was a tendency to overlook the fine developmental features of the Whirlwind. It is a pioneer in clean twin-engined design and incorporates many novel features. These have been described before but they can do with being repeated. First there are the wing radiators between the engines and the fuselage. Then there are the Fowler flaps, working with slots in the leading edge. They help to give good landing qualities. There are the centrally mounted cannon—four of them—and the pilot's excellent visibility. The engines are two Rolls-Royce Peregrine units and they are tucked into close-fitting nacelles. I should say that a lot of information was gathered from Whirlwind experience on the cooling of liquid-cooled engines by means of wing radiators.

Strips

IN my slightly sour remarks the other day about civil aerodromes in peace time I referred to the danger of spoiling the countryside by neutralising large areas for runways, cutting down woods, spoiling fields and the like. And although I have had many letters on this subject, and although I have examined all these with some care, I have not come across one comment on the landing strip possibility. Aeroplanes get less sensitive to wind direction and strength as the loadings go up and the speeds go up. The result is that in all except very strong winds it is possible to take off always in one direction—hence the landing strip as opposed to the criss-crossing runways. Other improvements are coming forward which may make aircraft entirely independent of wind direction at the take off and at the landing. Then the aerodrome in the sense of a large neutralised area, would disappear and the landing strip would take its place. That would mean that civil flying could be developed at full speed without spoiling the country-side.

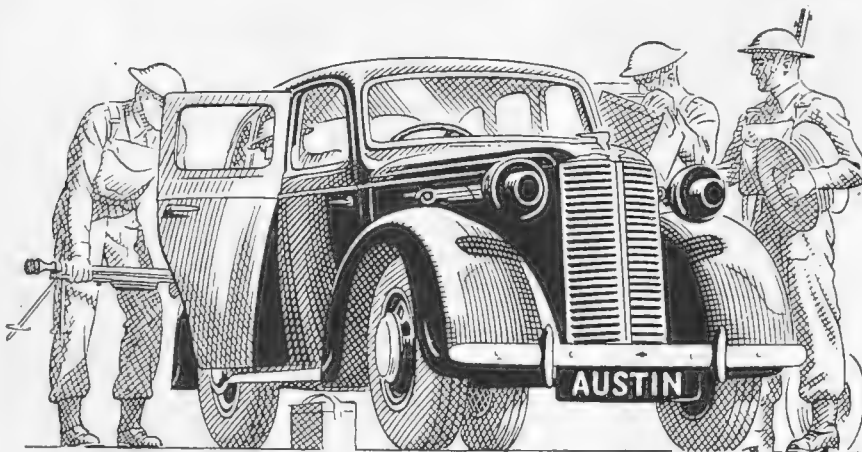


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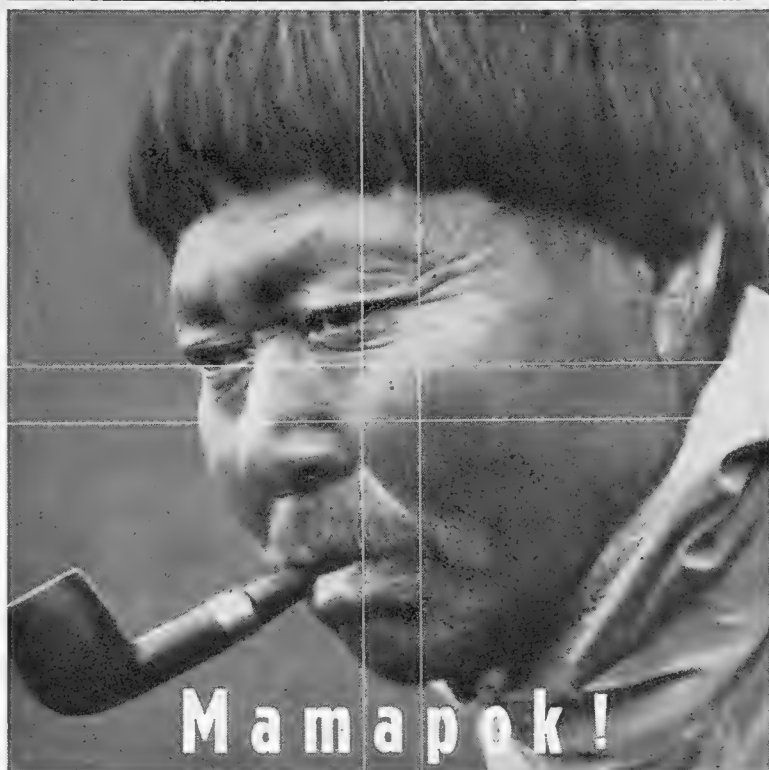
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BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

THE professor of chemistry was giving a demonstration of the properties of various acids.

"Now," he said, "I am going to drop this two-shilling piece into this vessel of acid. Will it dissolve?"

"No, sir," replied one of the students.

"No?" said the demonstrator. "Then perhaps you will explain to the class why it won't dissolve."

"Because," came the answer, "if it would you wouldn't drop it in."

THE local strong man of the village met one of his fellow villagers in the pub one night. During their conversation the big man called the other, a small man, a liar.

The little chap naturally resented this remark.

"Now look here," he said, "I'll give you just five minutes to take that back."

The big man smiled.

"Is that so?" he said, making himself look very important, and suppose I don't take it back in five minutes?"

"Then," said the other, after a slight pause, "I'll extend the time."

JOCK had just had a visit from an insurance agent and was talking it over with a friend.

"Queer chaps these insurance men," mused Jock.

"In what way?" asked his friend.

"Weel, they have to make ye believe ye may dee next week so that ye will take oot a policy wi' them. Then they have to make themselves believe ye will live for years before they will let ye take oot a policy."



John Vickers

Seven Hundred Not Out!

Dorothy Batley has been playing the part of Ella Spender, the flustered lady who is always arranging unsuccessful village concerts in "Quiet Week-end" at Wyndham's Theatre, since the opening night in July, 1941. She began her stage career as Odile in "The Rat" and subsequently appeared in "Old Heidelberg," "Baby Cyclone," "Murder in Mayfair," and "Crest of the Wave."

A COMMERCIAL traveller visiting Sheffield became friendly with the clerk in his hotel, and the two frequently regaled each other with jokes and riddles. One day the clerk called the traveller over and said: "Here's a good riddle for you. My father and mother had a child, but it wasn't my brother and it wasn't my sister. Who was it?"

"I don't know. Who was it?" asked the traveller.

"It was me."

The traveller was much amused, and upon his return home he tried the joke on one of his friends.

"Look here," he said, "I heard a jolly good riddle in Yorkshire. I'll tell it to you. My mother and father had a child and it wasn't my brother and it wasn't my sister. Who was it? Give it up?"

"Yes, I give it up."

"Ha! Ha! It was the bally old hotel-clerk in Sheffield."

AFTER a raid on Duisberg in which some of our biggest bombers took part, it is said that many of the inhabitants were dazed for two days. They didn't know what had come over them.

THE reporter had been away from home for something like a week. He returned home one evening unexpectedly. He kissed his wife, and then prepared to take a bath after his journey. While waiting for the bath to fill, he came across his wife's diary, which she had unknowingly left in the room.

The husband turned the pages of the diary.

"Had a grand time while J. was away," he read aloud. "Was out every night till five a.m., except Saturday. Saturday I stayed at home."

The husband stormed through the bedroom into the living-room, where his wife was sitting. He pointed an accusing finger, first at the diary and then at his wife.

"Look here," he cried suspiciously. "What were you doing home on Saturday night?"

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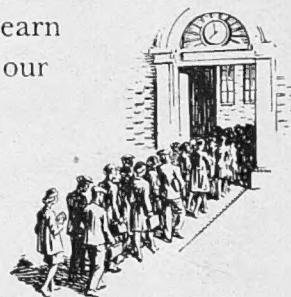
(Every hour, she thinks, is one hour nearer to the war's end, one hour nearer to victory.)

We can't *all* work in munition factories. But we *can* all bring this quality of perseverance to our own war jobs—this quality of steadfastness in pursuit of our aim, however monotonous our work, however seemingly trivial . . .

For this is the spirit that *wins through*—the quality that is akin to, and as vital to victory as, the more spectacular virtues of daring, courage, and self sacrifice . . .

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"But for them, in the time of their country's need . . . ?"



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